The Prisoner and His Mother.

By Mrs. Ballington Booth.

A YOUNG man was serving a twenty years' term in prison. Only a year more stood between him and liberty. The old mother, over seventy years of age, who had stood by her boy all through these weary years, was very sick and reduced to direst poverty. Her husband had died and she had reached the point where sickness made earning impossible and eviction was imminent. In this hour of distress she appealed to her boy for help. He was able to make a little money by overtime work. It was very little. Only a cent and a half a day, or five dollars in a whole year. He found on referring to the warden that he had already sent all he possessed to his mother. The thought of her need and possible death from want drove him nearly to distraction, and yet he felt himself utterly powerless to help her. In the same prison was another man, also serving twenty years. When he learned of his fellow prisoner's anxiety he took all his own earnings, twenty dollars, which represented the hard toil of four years, and sent them to the old mother, though it meant depriving himself of all the little extra comfort he might have purchased. There is a sequel to this story. Both men came home to us. They became earnest Christians and have good positions today where they have proved themselves absolutely worthy of our confidence. They are earning good wages and are trusted by their employers.

My experience gained by close contact with the men in our prisons during the last seven years had convinced me that but a small percentage of the 80,000 now within prison walls should be called criminals at heart. In this statement I have been endorsed by wardens who have had a far longer and more intimate experience than I, and whose duty it is to watch very closely the actions, characters and tendencies of the men under their charge.

I believe that in every man's heart, however hardened or hopeless the exterior, there is some tender spot, if one knows rightly how to touch it, some chord of sweetness that can be made to vibrate to the very harmony of heaven, amid all the jangling discords of life. Many, many instances could I cite, but I will quote one case of kindness which came under my personal observation.—Leslie's Monthly.

City-Crowding.

It is an Important Factor in the Present Growth of Crime.

By James M. Buckley.

THE modern crowding of the population into cities is a factor of the first importance. Enthusiasts extravagantly praise the virtues of country populations, and as extravagantly disparage the moral conditions of cities. This excites contradiction, and in the controversy the fact is overlooked that profound changes, some beneficial and others pernicious, have been and are being silently wrought by the aggregation into cities of so large a part of the population. We are entering upon the third generation of hotbed city life. The offspring of those whose occupations are sedentary, who use stimulants, lead irregular and excited lives, must, with few exceptions, suffer from inherited irritability of the nervous system. An abnormal strength and eccentricity of impulse must be the result, and this is fostered by city life.

A lamentable change has passed over the country with regard to the learning of trades. Most temperaments require manual labor in the earlier years of active life, and much exercise at all periods. Labor unions determine the number of apprentices which may be taken, and this number is so small that it is impossible for the large majority of growing boys to secure either the knowledge of trades or the physical and mental benefits of steady employment. Counting rooms and shops are crowded with applicants for every vacant place, while thousands are left to roam the streets, having neither trade, profession, nor knowledge of business.

The struggle for success in society, finance, politics, literature, applied science, and art grows more fierce as the cities grow larger; the prosperous have often "paid too dear for the whistle"; those who fail are, according to temperament, despondent or desperate, and the consequence is a steady procession to the sanitarium or the prison. And the number of neurotic, romantic, pampered youth of both sexes is incomputable. If the country often underestimates, the city oftener overestimates; and the prematurely blase youth is in an abnormal condition which feeds upon itself. Under such circumstances the very qualities which made a good man may make his son a curse to the community. —The Century.

Learning a Trade.

Why Training in One Shop Often is of No Use in Another.

By James M. Dodge.

IN the general march of improvement specializing was the order of the day, and the old machinist has been practically replaced by a dozen or more skilled workers in various lines, all, however, directly connected with the machinist's work; and today we find the machinist a specialist, frequently working in very narrow lines, as, for instance, running a lathe day after day, and month after month and even year after year, with no change whatever in his daily routine. Another man will be known as a planer hand, running a metal planer and having practically no experience in any other line of work. Then we have fitters of various degrees of skill, their business being to take the parts of a mechanism, large or small as the case may be, and, by putting on the finishing touches, either assemble them into the finished machine or prepare them for some other workman in the work of assembling.

As a consequence, "learning a trade," as it is called today, is a misnomer. Generally speaking, there are few opportunities for a young man today to acquire the trade of a machinist in the shops of this country. In the first place, the establishments are frequently so large than an individual is entirely lost sight of. If he meets his hours of work and is able to do the work assigned to him satisfactorily, he is allowed to remain at his special line indefinitely. Frequently the training of years in one shop will not enable a man to get employment at good wages in another.—St. Nicholas.

The Man of Yesterday.

By J. Rex Jay.

HE lives in an atmosphere of past achievements. The halo of yesterday's bliss hangs yet upon his head. His soul finds exultation in the pleasures and pains of the past. His future lies behind him, and his past, with its attending coterie of good and evil thoughts, runs constantly before him.

In his youth, a few years ago, there played across the fringe of his horizon the beautiful, chimerical dream of noble deeds, monumental successes, intellectual eclipses. The world life, with its mad, alluring entrancing rush, beckoned with outstretched arms for him and his.

The embellishments of history might add another ray of lustre to their hue—he was there.

He, in his youth, with his dream of glory, stands upon the scene—the threshold of his career. He hesitates—yet another dream, and then the world the magnitude. He dreams of love and fancies happiness secure—of home, and sheds a tear; of the sweet, beautiful creature he will call his wife, and his soul wells up in sympathy; and last, of the luxuries and sweets of life that hang upon the tree and but await the plucking, for him and his, and his spirit, the will, resounds again the determination of youth to conquer all.

He in his prime, with his glory in dreams, stands upon the declivity of worldly usefulness. He has reached the zenith of his career and looks but behind him. His little struggle has ceased and he has now become, among the millions, one of the world's brawny workers. Noble deeds, great successes, intellectual achievements belong not to him.

He dwells, in his dream, on the story of his youth and lives his young life over again. He sees now why the failures came, why successes never did. He knows that to dream is to dream, but to succeed is to think and to act. He gloats over the few mediocre attainments because he sees in them the index to greater things—had he but exercised the will to claim them.

With his dream, the friend and archenemy of his youth, we leave him. He prattles like a babe of the few things that he did, and of those things he might have done he dreams.—New York American.

The Delight of Work.

By James Buckham.

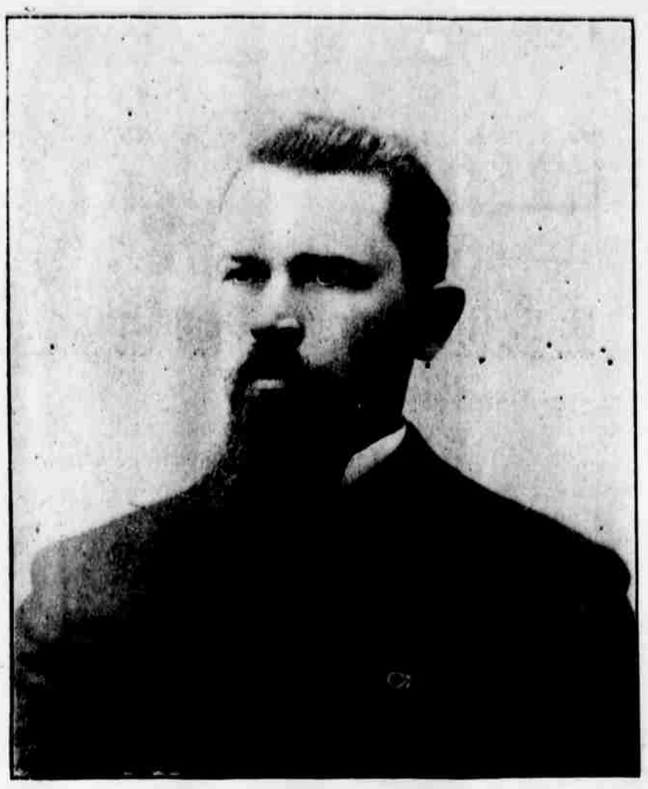
IT'S just fun to work!" cried the enthusiastic girl; "fun to keep at it long and hard, to feel your energy telling, and see the results piling up!" If it was indomitable youth that spoke in that high strain, it was none the less truth that was uttered. Has not Emerson said the same thing, somewhat more soberly? "A man," he declares, "is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best." That is an admirable analysis of the feeling that springs from work well and faithfully done. It is a mingling of restfulness and delight. There is no ease so sweet as that which rightfully follows the completion of a task which one has neither shirked nor bungled. And there is no lightness of heart so absolute as this gayety of the satisfied toiler. His joy is as pure and as ephemeral as sunlight. There is no alloy in it; he is just utterly glad.

"Blessed be work!" cries everyone who has tasted the real delight of it by doing it heartily and with that fidelity which insures satisfying results. Nothing is sweeter than successful work—nothing bitterer than work that has failed through conscious withholding of one's heart and one's best from it. There is no real gladness of spirit in this world for him who has not found some fitting work.

The Man Who Struck the King.

The Earl of Wemyss, although an octogenarian, is one of the most fiery members of the upper house, and may boast of being the only man who has ever struck the king in public. It occurred when his majesty was Prince of Wales, and in the house of lords during a debate. The prince, as Duke of Cornwall, attended, and sat immediately before Lord Wemyss. The noble lord made a speech, during which he, as usual, became heated, and, in the course of a gesture, brought his fist down bang on his royal highness' hat. The prince, appreciating the force of the earl's argument, retired to a place further from him. Lord Wemyss was well known, before succeeding to the earldom, as Lord Elcho, an enthusiast of volunteering and rifle shooting.—Pearson's Weekly.

The number of insane in California in 1860 was 1 to 1,000, and in 1870 1 to 500. At present the registered insane number 1 to 269 of the general population.



HON. PETER KIOLBASSA,

A Good Official and an Honorable Citizen.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

The finest livery stables in Chicago are those of the Erie Livery, 199 to 201 Erie street, and 168 to 170 Ontario street. The proprietor, Mr. William A. Hinkius, is one of the best known and best liked horsemen in the country.

He has recently purchased and has subject to call the finest imperials, French leather heads, Victorias and landau carriages in Chicago.

His broughams, coupes and hansom cabs are the best.

His horses are first-class, with rubber shoes; they never slip.

His drivers are well dressed, sober, courteous and reliable.

Telephone 1076 North.

One of the best-liked and most popular business men in Chicago is Tom N. Donnelly, the jeweler, at 118 Dearborn street. Mr. Donnelly enjoys the confidence and patronage of the very best people in Chicago, and if you want the best goods, in watches, diamonds and jewelry, at reasonable prices, the man to patronize is honest Tom Donnelly, at 118 Dearborn street.

There is no better beer brewed in the world than the far-famed "Extra" Beer brewed by the Brand Brewing Company, at 1251 Elston avenue.

The beer bottled by the Independent Brewing Association, the Ernst Brothers' famous plant, is the finest in the country. Order it for your residence. Phone, North 645.

B. J. Weller & Co. is one of the largest and most reliable firms at present engaged in the commission business in this city. All who have business with them are perfectly safe in their hands, and sure of efficient services and honorable treatment.

For wines and liquors, Keating & Mahony, the well-known importers and wholesale dealers in this line of goods, are among the foremost in the country for value as well as the excellence of their goods.

The Steuben County Wine Company, 210 and 212 East Madison street, is one of Chicago's standard and reliable business houses.

Wm. R. Uhlemann, the well known and successful optician, is daily demonstrating the marvels which can be accomplished through the strides of modern science in treating the eye.

Claims of superiority are easily made, but competitive tests establish facts. The "Shur-on" is a marvel of modern eye-glass making—that's why it is constantly growing more popular.

Mr. Uhlemann's place of business is at 76 East Madison street, second floor. Eyes are tested in the most thorough and scientific manner, and full satisfaction is guaranteed.

If you need a first-class article in the line of shoes drop in and see Lange Brothers in the Tribune Building, Dearborn and Madison streets. There the public are well treated, and there all classes of citizens will be given excellent value at reasonable prices.

MINING.

A medical man, well known in Chicago, wishes one or two men of influence to join him in locating abandoned mines in Mexico. The mines, of which he has a reliable map, have not been worked since the Spanish occupation; an ideal trip for a gentleman seeking health and profit. Address M. N., Eagle Office, 504 Teutonic Building.

Consider the ways of the humble dray; it has a tongue but it never gossips.

Knocking a man down for calling you a liar doesn't disprove the allegation.

But if France should decide to finish the Panama canal, could Uncle Sam prevent it.

Beware of the man who never did anything wrong. There's a first time for everything.

An inch of rain seems to be about a foot long to the man who is caught in it without an umbrella.

A literary man who tries to live comfortably at the present prices of groceries, oil, coal, etc., is likely to suffer from writer's cramp of the pocketbook.